*Enter Pistoll.*

*Flewellen.* Tis no matter for his swelling, and his turkicockes.
God plesse you Ancient Pistoll, you scall,
Beggerly, lowsy knaue, God plesse you.
*Pist.* Ha, art thou Bedlem?
Dost thou thurst base Troyan,
To haue me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web?
Hence, I am qualmish at the smell of Leeke.
*Flew.* Ancient Pistoll.
I would desire you because it doth not agree
With your stomackes, and your appetites,
And your digestions, to eate this Leeke.
*Pist.* Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.
*Flew.* There is one Goate for you, ancient Pistol.
*He strikes him.*

*Pist.* Base Troyan, thou shalt dye.
*Flewellen.* I, I know I shall dye:
But in the meane time, I would desire you
To liue and eate this Leeke.
*Gower.* Enough Captaine,
You haue astonisht him, it is enough.
*Flewel.* Astonisht him,
By Iesu, Ile beate his head foure dayes
And foure nights too, but Ile make him
Eate some part of my Leeke.
*Pist.* Well must I bite?
*Flew.* I out of question, or doubt, or ambiguities,
You must bite.

*He makes Ancient Pistoll bite of the Leeke.*
*Pistol.* Good, good.

*Flewel.*



*Flewellen.* I Leekes are good, ancient *Pistoll.*
Looke you now, there is a filling for you
To heale your bloody coxcombe.
*Pist.* Me a shilling.
*Flew.* If you will not take it,
I haue another Leeke for you.
*Pist.* I take thy shilling in earnest of reckoning.
*Flew.* If I owe you any thing,
I will pay you in Cudgelles:
You shall be a Wood-monger,
And buy Cudgels. And so God be with you
Ancient Pistoll, God plesse you,
And heale your broken pate.
Ancient *Pistoll,* if you see Leekes another time,
Mocke at them, that is all: God bwy you.
*Exit Flewellen,*

*Pist.* All hell shall stirre for this.
Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?
Is honour cudgeld from my warlike loynes?
Well France farewell, newes haue I certainly
That Doll is sicke. One malady of France
The warres affoordeth nought, home will I trug,
Baud will I turne, and vse the slight of hand:
To England will I steale,
And there Ile steale:
And patches will I get vnto these scarres,
And sweare I gat them in the Gallia warres.
*Exit Pistoll*

*Enter at one doore, the King of England and his Lords.*

*And at the other doore, the King of France, Queene Katherine, the Duke of Burbon, and others.*